



ACADEMY HILL
DERRY
NEW HAMPSHIRE

Historic Pageant of Old Londonderry

Presented on the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Settlement of the Town
Pinkerton Academy Hill, Derry, New Hampshire

Monday Evening, August 25, eight o'clock

Author of the Pageant,
Mary Stuart MacMurphy.

Director of the Pageant,
Rita G. Baker.

Director of Dancing,
Helen M. Baker.

Director of the Orchestra
Rudolph Schiller.

Pageant Committee.

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200th Anniversary of the Founding of
Old Londonderry, N. H.

Early Name Nutfield.

Music Prelude..... Charles P. Morrison

Herald of the Pageant Ralph Willis Davis

HISTORIC NOTES.

(Before the teaching of St. Columba in the sixth century, the religions of Scotland had been what we know as Scotch Mythology, a belief in Gods, Goddesses, Trolls, Gnomes, Brownies, Elves etc. Then from the Orient came with the Celts the Druidical Faith, a belief in ONE GOD whom they named Be'al signifying the "life of everything." Their worship was conducted by the priests called Druids, of whom there were three classes—

The Bards who chanted in the forest their Hymns of praise and were too sacred to be seen by the people.

The second class were the Prophets whose prophecies were given to the people by the third class, the preachers, teachers, scholars and physicians. They were the dominant power. They taught the people out in the open air, in circular, uncovered temples which were from 20 to 60 feet in diameter, in the center of which stood the cromlech or altar.

They held two great festivals yearly, one in the beginning of May, the Beltane, the word meaning "fire of God." The other Samh'in, signifying "fire of Peace," occurred at Hallowe'en. There were other minor festivals, chief among which was the one observed on the sixth day of the full moon, when they

sought the mistletoe, which grew on their favorite oaks.

Pliny says, "They call it 'Heal All.' The Druid robed in white ascends the tree, cuts off the mistletoe with a golden sickle. It is caught in a white mantle after which they offer two white bulls in sacrifice."

They regarded the oak on which grew the mistletoe as a symbol of God and the mistletoe clinging to it man's dependence upon Him.

A strong infusion of the mistletoe was made and to every worshipper was given a drink of it. It was a remedy for all diseases.

The belief in Elves and Nisses long survived the introduction of Druidism. The Druids very wisely made use of the Elves and Brownies or Nisses, and the old Caledonian legend runs that the Druids called them their messengers of light and usefulness.

In some parts of the Highlands, to-day, there lingers, among the peasant folk, a strong belief in Elves and Brownies. The early Scots true to their character of "mental strength and sober judgment" accepted the finer elements of the Druidical faith, the belief in ONE SUPREME GOD the IMMORTALITY of the SOUL and reverence for their religious teachers.

"Its special mission" says Reynaud, "was the preservation in Western Europe of the idea of the Unity of God."

Note by the Author.

Episodes in the pageant are sometimes conventionally represented as happenings in one day when their actual occurrence may have covered a considerable period. Many of the incidents are, of course, purely imaginary being based on traditional rather than historical authority.

The MAIN chronology of this pageant is strictly historical.

The bulk of this work has been drawn from Loughan Scott's Revision of Norse Mythology by Bulfinch, Parker's History of Londonderry and Willey's History of Nutfield. Numerous other works have been consulted but the effort has been to make prominent the character and spirit of our Scotch-Irish ancestors rather than what they have done.

HISTORIC PAGEANT.

Argument.

Conditions of Scotland and Ireland in the seventeenth century.

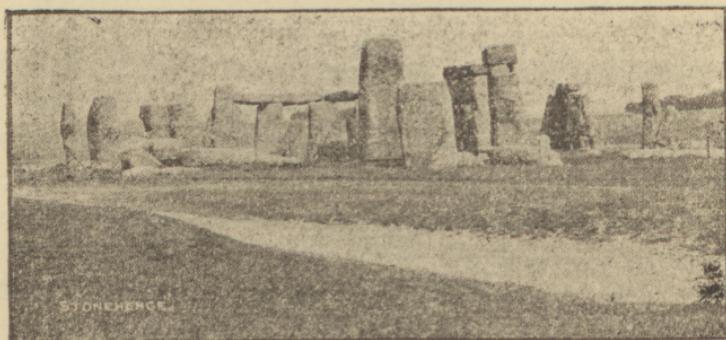
Effect of the settlement of north-eastern Ireland by Scotch and English in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I.

Emigration from Ireland.

Settlement of Londonderry by the Scotch-Irish immigrants.

Broader views in religion.

Development in Industries, Arts, Sciences, Religion and Learning.



STONEHENGE

PROLOGUE.

Caledonian Life in the Old World.

SCENE 1.

Druidical Worship.

Action:—Elves and Brownies as attendants upon the Druids prepare the temple for worship. The Elves, not permitted to enter the temple, act as conductors to the Druids coming from under the trees at the back of the stage.

Druids in white with gold circles as ornaments.

Prophet with wand. Bell sounds in the forest. All fall upon knees, heads bent. Chanting of the Bard is heard. Enter the Druids.

Music

- | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------|
| Old Breton Song | came from Druids |
| Moments Musical | Schubert |
| Old Breton Song for Orchestra. | |
| Highland Fling | Old Scotch Dance |

CAST

Hesus ,the Bard	Charles A. Sefton
Abaris, the Prophet	Charles A. Sefton
Broichan, a Priest,	Rev. Frank N. Saltmarsh
Horas, a Priest,	Perley L. Horne
Gawin, a Priest,	Edward F. Adams
Teutes, a Priest,	William D. Kincaid
Fulla, Queen of the Elves of Light	Doris Cheeney
Gna, the swift rider and dancer,	Dolly Boynton
Knud, King of the Brownies,	Richard C. Day

ELVES.

Dorothy Birch, Dorothy Brewster, Bessie Clark, Martha Clark, Ruth Clement, Leona Fecteau, Irma Hollingshead, Grace Bresnon, Mildred Kenney, Louise Newell, Eleanor Provencher, Helen Ranney, Florence Webster, Dorothy Wheeler, Marion Whitcomb.

BROWNIES.

William Birch, Frank Clark, Richard Day, Charles Emery, Edward Gonyer, Stanley Martin, Edwin Newell, Rouville Pelkey, Arthur Pike, Frederick Woods.

Fulla. Come all, "trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe."

Knud. Shall we trip it too?

Fulla. No, no, you are the useful ones. Then do your work. It is our mission, as our masters, the Druids, say to make the world happy, joyous and gay.

Knud. You are lazy Folk, quite lazy, lazy folk.

Fulla. (All point to Knud) Beware, beware! Lest we, the Druids tell, how you are wasting time. Bring our flowers. Bring the Heal-All cups. Away.

(Elves dance, Brownies bring baskets of oak leaves. Scatter them on the floor of the Temple. Druids enter with solemn step and slow. Elves scatter flowers before them.)

(Abaris from front of Cromlech, addresses the worshippers who have entered from the opposite side and are kneeling. Two Brownies for each Priest.)

Abaris. The harp of Hesus hangs on a blasted branch. The sound of its strings is mournful. There is a murmur on the heath. The stormy winds abate! I hear the voice of Be'al "Come, Abaris, come away," He says. "Be'al has received his fame. We must pass away like flames that have shone for a season. Though the plains of our battles are dark and silent, our fame is in the Cromlech." (Cups of Heal-All given.)

"The night is long, but the eyes of Hesus are heavy. Depart thou rustling blast. But why are you sad, oh, my children? The chiefs of other times are forgotten. We must pass away. Another Bard shall arise. I see St. Columba and his followers. The people are like the waves of the ocean; like the leaves of woody Morven, they pass away in the rustling blast, and other leaves lift their heads on high. Shalt thou then remain, Hesus, thou aged Bard, when the mighty have failed? No, Alas, no. Bard, Prophet, Priest and people, we must go, WE MUST GO. The cross, emblem of Christianity, teaches love, sacrifice for love that we have neglected to teach. Hesus, still unseen, Abaris still a Prophet, Moras, Teutes, Gawin, we drink "Heal-All" to our sorrow. The Cross supplants the Circle."

(All depart except the Elves—to solemn music.)

Fulla. This sadness is severe. But when Thor was driven out, my sisters, the people let us stay. Why? Because we amuse them, we make them happy, we give them joy.

Gna, our lovely one, dance for us the Highland Fling which you brought down from the highest peak of Caledonia. The people will never forget it. And if the Druids did not teach the power of love, they loved us.

(Gna dances the Highland Fling,)

(All courtesy to audience, leave stage.)

Prologue.**SCENE 2.**

The Christianizing of Scotland by St. Columba and the monks of Iona.

Action—St. Columba and the monks cross the stage bearing the emblem of Christianity. In the 16th century, John Knox brought to Scotland the Presbyterian form of worship. He was severely persecuted by the Catholics but this faith was accepted by many powerful families, chief among whom was that of the Campbells of Argyle. This great Protestant reformer was seized, bound and carried off to the galleys but lived to know that Presbyterianism had become the acknowledged faith of Scotland.

Lady Argyle, wife of Sir Daniel Campbell, in the 18th century was very much beloved by the people of Argyleshire. Her ancestors had become Protestant through the influence of John Knox. She taught the women of high and low degree the art of skillful spinning. Just previous to her departure from Scotland, she called to the castle the young ladies whom she, for many months, had directed in spinning flax. While at work the young ladies sing the Spinning Song from the Flying Dutchman. At the close of the song Sir Daniel Campbell enters.

Music

Chant

Spinning Chorus, "Flying Dutchman, Wagner
My Heart's in the Highlands Old Scotch Song

CAST

Sir Daniel Campbell,
Lady Argyle,
Mary Mitchell,
St. Columba,
John Knox,

George A. Clement
Florence Nichols
Muriel Armstrong Low
Charles Newell, M. D.
Arthur F. Campbell

Monks:—M. C. Mackenzie, Philip How, A. A. Mangini, Lowell Clark, Charles Huntee, Alfred McCallum, Charles Tewksbury, Pliny Campbell, Thomas Foxall, William Raitt, J. Lewis Reed, Harlan Cochrane.

Spinning Chorus, (Flying Dutchman.) Helen McCoy, Beulah Arnold, Florence McCallum, Ethel Tewksbury, Nellie Webster, Alice Weston, Viola Jackson, Mrs. Will Kingsbury, Mrs. E. H. Davenport, Muriel Armstrong Low.

Daniel Campbell.

Duke—(Saluting politely the ladies) This work delights me much. Lady Argyle will not only assist in introducing our faith into a new country but she will also carry hither this famous industry of linen making. I wish young ladies, that you might accompany us.

Mary Mitchell—You and Your dear lady will not stay long in Ireland. And we shall then be ready to cross the sea with you to the new World. Indeed, we shall, Shall we not, girls?

All—Yes, Yes!

Mary Mitchell—As this is our last lesson here, will you dear Sir, sing for us a Highland Song?

Duke—It will give me much pleasure to grant your request. In a few years I will sing it to you in the

New Land across the sea.

(All applaud.)

The duke sings.

(Applause. Goodbyes.)

CHORUS:—

Hum, Hum, hum, good wheel, be whirling
Gaily, gaily turn thee round!

Spin, spin, spin, the threads be twirling
Turn good wheel, with humming sound!

My love now sails on distant seas;
His faithful heart for home doth yearn;
Couldst thou, good wheel, but give the breeze,
My love would soon to me return!
My love would soon to me return!

Spin, Spin, spin we truly
Hum, hum, wheel, go truly!

Tra, la ra, la la!

Mary:—Ah! duly, duly are they spinning! Each
girl a sweetheart would be winning!

Chorus:—

Dame Mary, hush! for well you know our song as
yet must onward go!

Mary:—Then sing! yet ply a busy wheel. But where
fore ladies, why so still?

Chorus:—Hum, hum, good wheel, be whirling
Gaily, gaily turn thee round!
Spin, spin, spin the threads be twirling,
Turn good wheel with humming sound
On distant seas my love doth sail
In southern lands much gold he wins;
Then turn, good wheel, nor tire, nor fail;
The gold for her who duly spins!
The gold for her who duly spins!
Spin, spin, spin, we duly!
Hum, hum wheel go truly.

PROLOGUE

Scene 3.

Action—A procession of Irish inhabitants, in old carts heaped with their poor furnishings, men and women on foot bearing bundles, bags, baskets; children pulled along by the older ones; at the end Mrs. O'Flanagan, very old and lame, drawn in a cart by her son, Rory. A forlorn company leaving Ulster.

The incoming Scotch Protestant families annoyed by the neighboring Catholics angry at being driven from their homes.

Music

Irish Jig

Irish Air

It was a' for our Rightful Faith

Marion B. Anderson

CAST.

Mistress Campbell,,

Florence Nichols

Daniel Campbell,

Samuel F. Campbell

Three young children,

Everett C. Foster, Doris and Dorothea Mowatt

James McKeen,

B. F. Low

Hugh Holmes,

George Bell

Wm. Boyd,

Thomas Foxall

Rory O'Flanagan, young Irishman

Mrs. O'Flanagan, Rory's mother,

Ethel Campbell

(The procession halts, the Scotch Campbell family look on from the house near by.)

Rory: Mither, darlint, are ye comfortable?

Mrs. O'Flanagan: Ye's, ye's alanna. But, Rory, I did not know how much I loved the owld home (sobs) I'm a throwblesome baste, Rory. If, if, if I could see ye

dance agin here the Blackberry Blossom Jig. It's
askin too much, Rory, niver mind me.

Rory: Mither, Mither, darlint. To be sure I will
dance and that smart. Good by to Owld Ulster.

(Phelim, one of the Irishmen, plays the violin.
Rory dances. All applaud. Procession moves on.)

(The group of Campbells and friends glance toward
the retreating Irish.)

Mistress Campbell: Poor creatures! That Rory
is a good boy and very kind to his old mother. I am
sorry for them. He has often helped me care for the
children.

Rev. Wm. Boyd: You are too kind hearted, dear lady!
You would not wish your children to come in close contact
with those poor misguided people. Unless they would accept our true faith, it is best that they should go.

Mistress Campbell. Perhaps, Ah, Reverend Sir, Is it true that Governor Shute promises us religious freedom in that far away land?

Rev. Wm. Boyd: It is true, my dear lady. He has replied to our petition most graciously and offers us every desired encouragement.

Rev. Hugh Holmes: To God, our Heavenly Father, we return thanks for opening to us this prospect of "singing the Lord's song in a strange land."

Mistress Campbell: I suppose, Mr. McKeen, that we must arrange to depart from Ireland as soon as possible. As I have only the help of Mary and what the children can do, "the hours will be busy ones."

Daniel Campbell: Surely Henry's wife, our good daughter-in-law, Martha, will help.

Mistress Campbell: She will do whatever she is

able to do. The care of her little son, William, occupies her time greatly.

Daniel Campbell: Henry and Martha will soon join us, if they can not go now, in the land of the Free.

Lady Campbell: Yes, we must seek the land of the Free.

(Sings the "Farewell")

"The Farewell"

It was a' for our rightfu' faith
We left fair Scotland's strand:
It was a' for our rightfu' faith
We e'er saw Irish land,
 My friends:
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that man can do,
And a' is done in vain:
We now seek freedom far awa'
For we must cross the main,
 My friends:
For we must cross the main.

We turn from here, and round about,
Upon the Irish shore:
We think of those in Scotland left
With adieu for evermore,
 My friends:
With adieu for evermore.

PROLOGUE

Scene 4.

Action:—Parting between Marquis de Vaudreuil and Rev. James MacGregor, old school friends.

CAST

Marquis de Vaudreuil, Normandy

Rev. Alfred B. Dumm

Rev. James MacGregor, pastor of Presbyterian Church
in Ireland

Rev. Frederick I. Kelley

Several French officials at left.

Several friends of Rev. MacGregor at right.

Vau: This coming down to say Bon Voyage as I leave Europe on this mission, not altogether to my fancy, is very kind. I could not have wished for anything more pleasing.

Mac: If it is pleasing to you, it is a joy to me, my dear Marquis.

Vau: Not that, not that. No title like that for me from your lips. Many years ago we were Jim and Jean, the two Jays, as those gay fellows, our schoolmates, used to name us and ever in our hearts we shall be Jim and Jean. Is it not so? To the world, we may be the Rev. Dr. of Divinity and a Marquis of Normandy but never to one another.

Mac: I thank you, my friend, always and ever my friend. Many pages of the book of life you have turned back for me to-day.

Vau: How often I have wished that you were of my faith and country! But that could not be. I love and honor you more for holding inviolate the faith of your fathers.

Mac: You will have great influence in your position in the new world. For your success, I shall ever pray.

(Bell calls to the boat.)

Vau: Alas, Alas, that sound is not welcome. It means that I must leave you. If you, a "product of the heaths and highlands of Scotland," are not content with the "rich low fields of Ireland," so you have written me, why not try the new settlement and the growing influence of a free country?

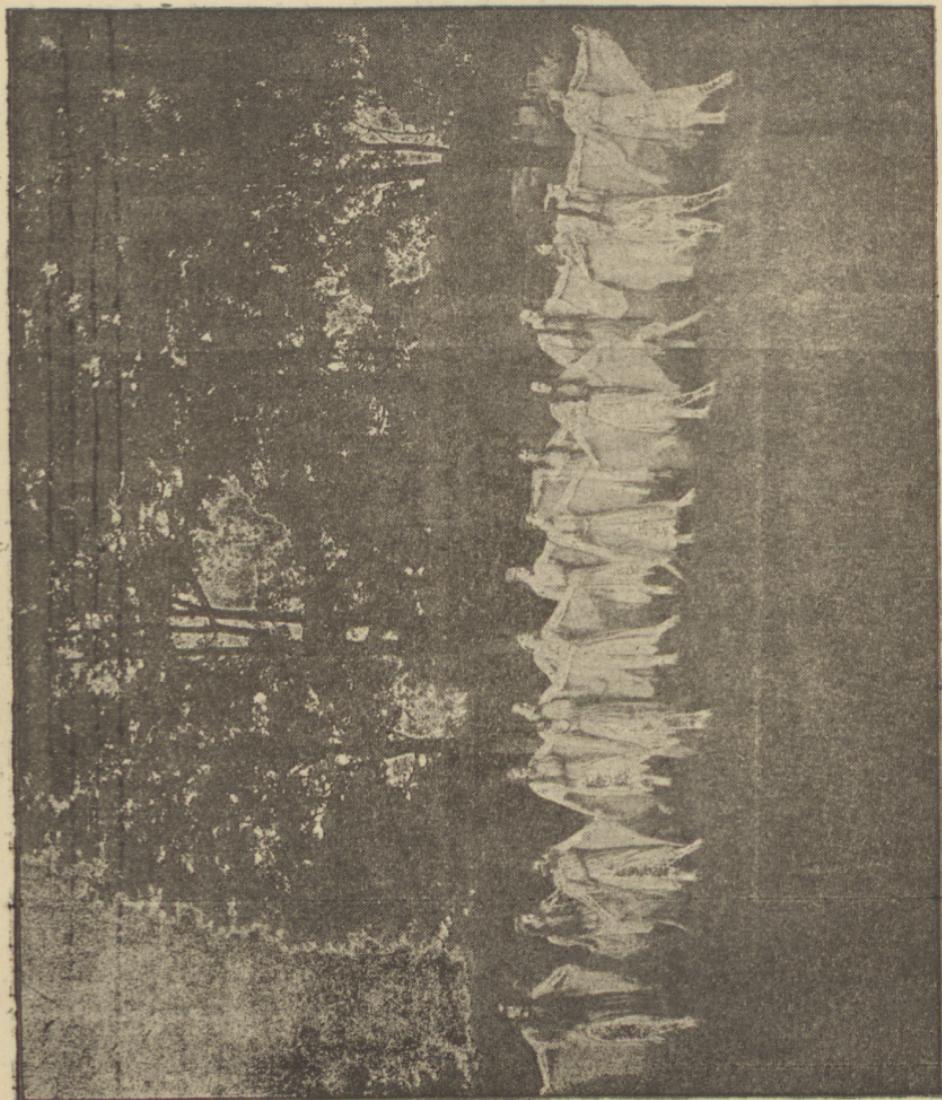
Mac: If God so directs, I may.

Vau: Do not forget that if you should ever come to the western shore, any service that I can render you shall be yours.

(With a warm hand clasp they part. Vaudreuil to go down to the sea, MacGregor to return to his North Ireland home.)

Music

Sea—"Pavlowa"..... Max Berrdix



DANCE OF THE WAVES

Marian Cogswell, Maud Cogswell, Helen Wilson,
Ethel Wilson, Marie Barker, Ruth Day, Marie Thwing,
Marian Bidwell, Evelyn Bidwell, Marian Aiken, Carolyn
Martin, Marjorie Martin, Dorothy Paradise, Carolyn
Sefton, Irma Rogers, Edna Downing, Martha Chase,
Winona Dickey, Mildred Goldsmith, Mabel Goldsmith,
Catharine Bartlett, May Stearns, Louise Trowbridge
Ruth Shackett, Helen Annis, Arvilla Colby, Mildred
Raitt, Beatrice Campbell, Eleanor Alexander.

Part I**In Freedom's Land.****PIONEER SETTLEMENT OF LONDONDERRY.****CAST**

(Having left Ireland and braved the dangers of crossing the ocean, the Scotch-Irish arrived in Boston, August 15, 1718. There they separated. Some remained in Boston with friends. A large company went to Worcester, but because of the strong prejudices of the Congregational communities failed to secure freedom of worship. They were forced to separate and were dispersed through many towns. Sixteen families wished to unite under the charge of Rev. James MacGregor. They went to Casco Bay where Gov. Shute had informed James McKeen there was good land which they could have. They spent the winter there suffering many privations and not finding what they desired, sailed in the spring to Haverhill. There the men left their families and explored the section known as Nutfield, found the land not appropriated and decided to fetch their families and take up

the grant promised by Gov. Shute. The original proprietors settled the Double Range on West Running Brook.)

Scene 1.

Arrival of the sixteen families with Rev. MacGregor. Meeting beneath the old Oak Tree.

Music

Dundee Old Hymn Tune

CAST

Rev. James MacGregor,	Rev. F. I . Kelley
Randal Alexander,	John White
Samuel Allison,	George Chase
Allen Anderson,	Casper Whitney
James Anderson	Benjamin F. Low
John Barnett	Howard Clark
James Clark,	Frank Clark
Archibald Clendenin,	John W. Day
James Gregg,	Horace P. Dinsmoor
James McKeen,	George A. Bell
John Mitchell,	John Cochrane
John Morrison,	Howard Moody
James Nesmith,	J. Arthur Nesmith
Thomas Steele	Calvin H. Bradford
James Sterrett,	Nathaniel Head
John Stuart,,	Foster Rogers
Herbert Weir,	Arthur Senter

Mrs. Lucy Stevens, Mary Morse, Mary White,
Olan Rand, Mrs. George Chase.

Mrs. Benjamin F. Low, Harold Low, Richard Low,
Mrs. Frank Clark, Robert I. Clark, Frank H. Clark,
Bessie D. Clark, Martha B. Clark, Mrs. John W. Day,
Ruth Day, Mrs. Horace P. Dinsmoor, Miss Lucinda

Gregg, Mrs. Moses Armstrong, Mrs. George Bell, Mrs. John Cochrane, Mr. Wesley Low, Mrs. Wesley Low, Mrs. Howard Moody, Mrs. J. Arthur Nesmith, Mrs. Nathaniel Head, Stillman Rogers, Mrs. Arthur Senter Walter Senter, Arthur H. Stevens, Malcolm Stevens, Mrs. Jessie Seavey Stevens, Elizabeth Morrison, Mrs. Marian L. Kenefick, Marian Kenefick, Louise Kenefick, Elizabeth Kenefick.

(Rev. MacGregor meeting his people after seven months of separation. He had been teaching in Dracut during the winter.)

Rev. Mac. "I congratulate you, my friends, on the propitious termination of your wanderings. God, your Heavenly Father, has signally preserved you as a company while crossing the ocean and since your arrival in this country. Continue your confidence in Him. We are now in the wilderness, strangers in a strange land, but the ever watchful eye of God is upon us, and He will guard and protect us."

(The women with some of the men go into the temporary huts to make preparation for food and shelter while Rev. MacGregor with the other men explore more carefully the territory which had been selected as a township.)

Interlude.

(Several Indians come upon the stage, see the articles left which the men, upon their return from exploring will take to the huts. Among other things they examine curiously some handcards, clock-reels and spinning wheels which intensely amuse them. The Indians flee when they hear the men returning to carry away the utensils.)

SCENE 1—Continued.

Action:—Rev. MacGregor's advice and good by to the sixteen families.

Rev. Mac:—Reads the 137th psalm. All join in singing Dundee. Psalm XXIII.

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: He leadeth me
the quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again;
and me to walk doth make
Within the path of righteousness
e'en for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me: and Thy rod
and staff me comfort still

My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint
and my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forevermore
my dwelling-place shall be.

Mac:—“Christ our Saviour! Father of our Faith!
To Thee we bring faint hearts but strong desires. Be

Thou our guide! To love, to labor and to hope, we will abide with Thee till death."

Benediction.

(Rev. MacGregor leaves, called in due Presbyterian form to return in May as their pastor.)

(Through the efforts of Rev. James MacGregor and Samuel Greaves, the colonists secured the famous Wheelwright Indian Deed Oct. 20, 1719; by petition indorsed by James Gregg and Robt. Wear, April 29, 1720 "a protection and benefits of government" from Gov. Shute, and the Royal Charter from King George III. June 21, 1722, in which the name Nutfield was changed to Londonderry. The population had greatly increased by a large accession of English people and many other Scotch families. In 1720 a ship, sailing with many emigrants from Ireland, was captured by pirates.)

SCENE 2

Crowd of immigrants come upon the stage.

CAST

Mrs. Wilson, a young mother, very beautiful,

Mrs. Sylvia Dinsmoor Bell

A friend, mature, carrying an infant,

Mrs. Susan B. Ranney

Mr. Wilson,

George A. Bell

The Captain,

Frank N. Young

Rev. James MacGregor

Rev. F. I. Kelley

Mrs. MacGregor,

Mrs. F. I. Kelley

James Boyd, M. D.,

Fred L. George

(Joyous Welcome.)

Rev. MacGregor: Let us thank our Heavenly Father for the safe arrival of those who we feared had met with some terrible disaster. (All kneel. Rev. MacGregor offers a brief prayer of Thanksgiving.)

Capt: Rev. Sir, we were captured when four days out by a pirate ship. We had become separated from the other boats in a sharp, severe storm, followed by a heavy fog.

Mrs. MacGregor: And you are here to tell the tale? How wonderful! Didn't they attempt to take your lives?

Capt: That we were not murdered is due entirely to Mrs. Wilson and that "mite of a baby.")

(All glance at Mrs. Wilson and the baby.)

Mr. Wilson: Elizabeth, tell the story of our safe deliverance.

Mrs. Wilson: (very modest) Capt. Pedro of that band of pirates was very kind, so kind to me when captured. What with the exposure in the storm and fright from the seizure by the fierce looking pirates, I fainted. Mr. Wilson bearing me in his arms, stepped upon the deck of the terrible craft. The Capt. had me borne to his cabin, the surgeon called. They had on board a very skilled medical man. Mr. Wilson brought to me at once our own physician and the two men of science, our beloved Dr. Boyd and the Spanish doctor, fought and conquered death for me.

(Taking her babe). This little woman came to me in this trial.

Dr. Boyd: A mighty fine baby she is! (The Dr. lifts the child to the view of all) She'll make a magni-



BIRTHPLACE OF MARY WILSON

ficient woman some day, even if she did begin her earthly career as a little pirate.

(All laugh and eagerly press forward to see the child.)

Mrs. Wilson: Capt. Pedro became very fond of our little one. He would beg to be permitted to take her in his arms each day. As he walked the deck with her, the crew would entreat him for a glance at her. She became the "adopted child" of those outlawed men.

One day, I said to Capt. Pedro, "you carry my babe as if you had had much of that kind of experience. She is more quiet with you than with any one else."

He turned to me a face full of grief, pitiful to see as he replied, "Once a little angel came to me but she did not stay."

He turned rapidly away. I asked him if there was aught that I could do to show him my gratitude for his unmeasurable kindness to us. After a moment's hesitation, he said. "Yes. Mrs Wilson, I have a favor to ask. I have not always been what I am now. Like yourself, I am Scotch but long residence in the tropics has given me the appearance of a southern native. Do not question me respecting the cause of choosing this life. A bitter, cruel wrong has driven me to this, but, Mrs. Wilson. I am no rascally desperado. I am captain of these pirates, who are true and loyal to me. We have never injured woman or child. We take your money and jewels but we take no life except in self defence.

Knowing so much respecting me, will you let me

give a name to your little girl? Name her Mary. It is the name of my wife, who is very much like you.

Of course I promised to give her the name. Mr. Wilson quite approves. Will you, much loved pastor, baptize our little daughter, Mary, and give me a statement of it that I may send to Capt. Pedro as I promised?

Mr. MacGregor: I will. Our little pirate shall become a good Christian woman.

Mrs. Wilson: Capt. Pedro continued, when I promised. "All of your company may leave as soon as you wish and everything taken from you restored."

We passed into our ship the following day, the Capt. carrying the babe. He gave to us as we parted a package containing many valuables, and this piece of beautiful silk, asking that Mary's wedding dress be fashioned from it. He added, "when I saw you brought on my ship ill, I had a vision of a beloved wife who knows not of my life and this dear little, helpless innocent child has given me the spirit to make the vision a living picture.

(Little Mary Wilson became the wife of Mr. James Wallace and many of her descendants have a piece of the pirate's gift. A part of it is in the Museum of the D. A. R. in Washington, given by Mr. Wallace Mack of Londonderry, of whom she was an ancestress. Mary Wilson was the great, great grandmother of Horace Greeley, who was very proud of this ancestress.)

SCENE 3.

(In less time than demanded by the Royal Charter, houses and churches were built and occupied. Grist Mills and sawmills on Beaver River and Aiken Brook. The different industries rapidly increased.)

Action:—The industries of the early Proprietors,, with implements of toil.

Music

Milkmaids, English Folk Song
Song of the Linen Workers.....
..... Grace Warner, Brookline, Mass.

CAST

Husbandmen and Wives, Philip Paquette, Ernest Bover, Harry Hall, Bradley Bartlett, Julia Hanson, Alice Bailey, Gladys Aiken, Emily Clark.

Grist Miller, Irving Aiken
'Tavern keeper and wife, Ralph Weeks, Effie Davies
Gleaners, Andrea Roy and Bessie Woodard
Milk Maids, Inez Bartlett, Helen Batchelder, Leora Gilman.

Blacksmith,	Louis Davis
Stone Cutter,	Wm. Baker
Wheelright,	Luman Cheney
Fisherman,	Frank Clark
Hunter,	Chester Ela
Trapper,	Joseph Pelletier
Cooper,	Isadore Loberfeld
Knitters,	Florence Johns and Margaret Johns
Tanner,	Olan Rand
Cobbler,	Thomas Auclaire
Weavers, Spinners, Carders	stop at middle of

stage, seat themselves and work, singing as they work.

Weavers, Eugene Papps, Archie Hepworth, Howard Clark, Casper Whitney, Earl Davis.

Spinners, Mrs. Alice Glidden, Mrs. Lena Baker, Mrs. Alice Kingsbury, Willena Hartop, Marion Westgate.

Carders, Marguerite Clark, Mrs. Helen McCoy, Mrs. Mildred Stevens, Laura Paquette. Florence Davies.

Industries.

Merry Makers.

Old English Country Dance.

Miss Genoria Dion, Lydia Dion, Dora Goodchild, Esther Monihan, Josephine Monihan, Olida Paquette.

Mr. Edward Bethune, Mr. Nelson Johnson, Joseph Labarge, Urban O'Hara, John Vileandry.

Song of the Linen Workers.

We card, we card, we card,
We spin, we spin, we spin,
We weave, we weave, we weave,
No bit of flax we leave;
It is not to our taste,
The slightest thing to waste.

O; no! O; no!

We card, we card, we card,
We spin, we spin, we spin,
We weave, we weave, we weave,
And work as we believe

Without becoming lax.

We raise the finest flax!

O; yes! O; yes!

We card, we card, we card,

We spin, we spin, we spin,

We weave, we weave, we weave,

And no one we deceive.

Our linen is the best,

Perfection is the test.

O; yes! O; yes!

We card, we card, we card,

We spin, we spin, we spin,

We weave, we weave, we weave,

The Pinkerton's receive

Our linen for their sale;

They buy it in the bale.

O; yes! O; yes!

We card, we card, we card,

We spin, we spin, we spin,

We weave, we weave, we weave,

And one can quite conceive

The fortunes they will make

In linen that they take.

From us! From us!

SCENE 4.

(A procession of twenty-six Colonial children on their way to school for the beginning of education.)

Music.

The Three Sons Somerset Folk Song
Director, Miss Mary C. Emery.

Girls:—Lucy Barker, Sarah Bell, Charlotte Burbank, Evelyn Dexter, Rita Gilman, Frances Gove, Victoria Grinnell, Louise Howard, Dorothy MacGregor, Alberta McDonald, Laura Pelkey, Dorothy Pike, Grace Ranney and Marion Ranney.

Boys:—John H. Abbott, Richard Barker, Benjamin H. Bartlett, Junior; Charles Gillispie, Harold C. Low, Benjamin Newell, Henry Newell, Everett Pillsbury, Herbert Ross, Bernard Smith, Henry Whitney, Parker Whitney.

SONG

There was a farmer had three sons,
Three sons to him were born ,
And he came right home in the middle of the night
And he turned them out of doors
And he turned them out of doors
He came right home in the middle of the night
And he turned them out of doors.

The first, he was a stout millard,
The next, was a spinner of yarn,
And the third to be sure was a little tailor
Wiith a broadcloth under his arm,
Wiith a broadcloth under his arm,

And the third to be sure was a little tailor
With a broadcloth under his arm.

The stout millard he stole the corn,
The spinster he stole the yarn,
And then he went forth and he stole broadcloth
For to keep those three scamps warm
For to keep those three scamps warm
The tailor went forth and stole broadcloth
For to keep those three scamps warm

The millard, he was drowned in his pond,
The spinster was hanged by his yarn,
And his goose ran away with the tailor one day
With the broadcloth under his arm
With the broadcloth under his arm
The goose ran away with the tailor one day
With the broadcloth under his arm

CHARACTERISTIC DUETS OF WIT

(H. H. Morison of Milton, Mass., a descendant of the Scotch-Irish of Londonderry says, "A prominent trait of these people was their ready WIT. Our Ancestors dearly loved fun.)

DUET 1.

Time 1798, place a street in Amherst. A chance meeting of Hon. Matthew Thornton and a former neighbor of his in Londonderry, a member of the Legislature then in session.

CHARACTERS.

Hon. Matthew Thornton, a visitor of the legislature,
Mr. C., a member of the legislature,

Mr. C. Don't you think, Judge, the General Court has reached a higher standard than it had at the time you attended? You know then there were not more than five or six who could talk while now all we farmers can make speeches.

Judge Thornton (with a merry twinkle in his blue eye). To answer that question I will tell you a story about a farmer who lived a short distance from my father's home in Ireland. He was an exemplary man in his observance of religious duties and made it a constant practice to read a portion of the Scriptures every morning before asking the daily blessing. One morning he was reading the account of Samson's catching three-hundred foxes, when he was interrupted by his wife who said, "John, I am sure that canna be true. Our Isaac is as good a fox-hunter as there is in the country and he has na caught over twenty in

a morning hunt." "Hoot! my gude woman, ye may ne'er take the Scripture just as it reads. It ne'er stands to reason, I low mesilf that Samson caught the whole of three-hundred foxes that morning, but we are to take the 'count in the gineral sinse.' In the three-hundred critters he caught there may hev been eighteen of e'en twenty real foxes, whilst the rest were no doubt skunks or woodchucks."

Mr. C. (drew his own inference, smiling said). Well, I'm glad to have met you. Good morning, Judge (Hardy.)

DUET 2.

Proposal of marriage without delay or vagueness.

Characters

Molly Reid.

John Cochran

John (Molly spinning) Mary, I've come to say to you, if I were you, I'd have me.

Mary (shaking her head.)

John. I say, Mary, if I were you, I'd have me, and not have that George Reid. He has been nowhere; he has nothing at all, and has never been out of the sight of his mother in his life, and I have been all over the country. I've travelled and been to the war. I've been to the plains of Abram and fought there and bled there. Now Mary, have me.

Mary, (rising to her full height and looking him straight in the eye) I'll not have you, John, you must go home, your mother wants you, and I'll have George Reid dead or alive.

(Willey.)

DUET 3.

Reputation held by the physicians as judged by the tombstone cutter.

Characters

Dr. Thom

Moses Carlton

Dr. Thom: (with medicine case meets Carlton going home from his work, bearing chisel, hammer, etc.) Moses, I saw as I come through your yard, Crowell's head stone cut with date of death. What's the matter with you? Crowell is living.

Moses: Why, Dr. Thom, they told me that you had been called to him. That means, as everybody knows, that he will be dead in twenty-four hours. I wanted to have his headstone ready.

(Lucien Adams.)

SCENE 5.

Indian Bridal.

By permission of the MacDowell Association,
Peterborough.

(Because of Gov. Vaudreuil's deep friendship with Rev. MacGregor, his influence had been sufficient to prevent any Indian attack upon Londonderry. The neighboring Indians were so friendly that an invitation to attend the wedding of the daughter of the Chief was given and accepted.)

Indian Idyl, Edward MacDowell

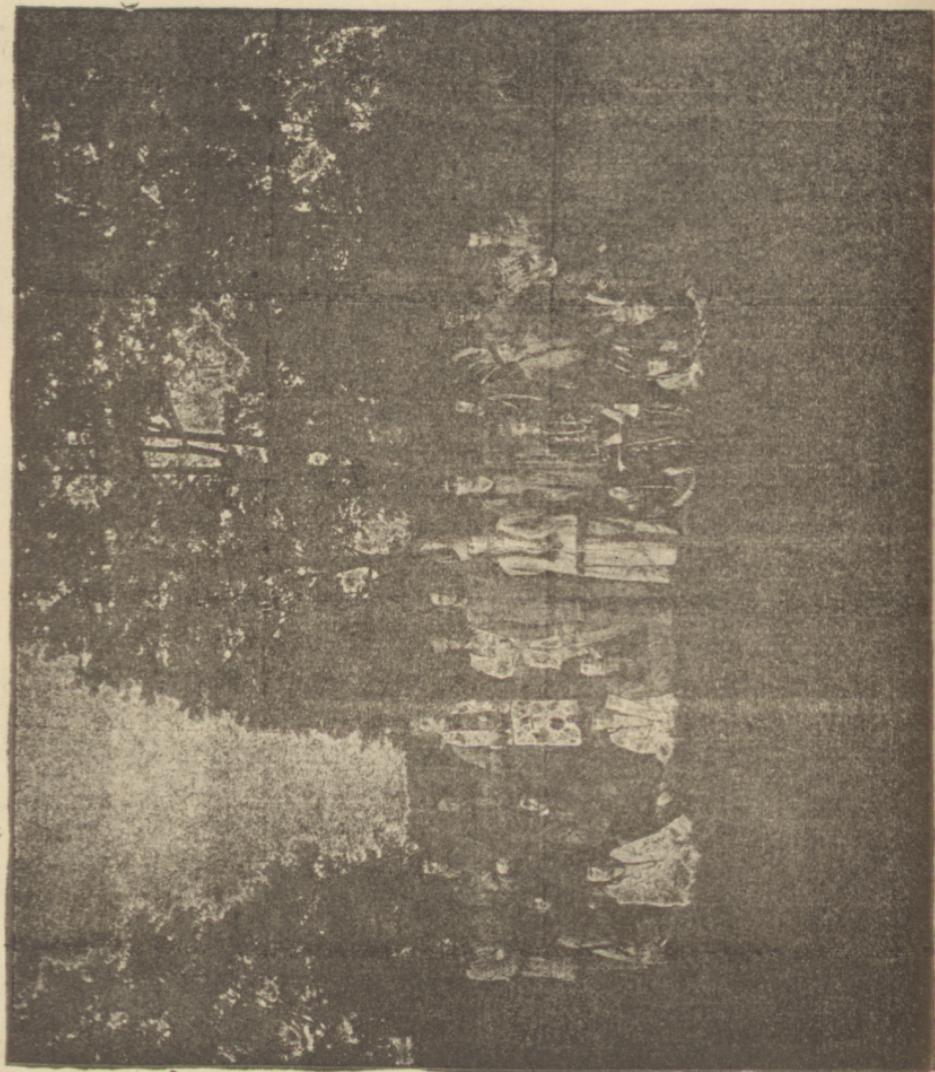
CAST.

Indian Bride	Mary Foxall
Bridegroom	Sidney Laws
Chief	Howard Campbell
Envoy	Paul Brickett
Three Old Women	Josie Shackett
	Juanita Young
	Lorna Stockdale

Indian Women: Lula Reynolds, Ann Ramsdell, Lulu Fecteau, Ella Bachmann, Lena Beardsley, Lois Edith Swett, Grace Hunt, Jessie Manning, Ethel Lupein, Marguerite Lupein, Irene Richardson, Russell Chase, Etta Wallace.

Indian Braves: Earl Ramsdell, J. Abbott Caisse, Frank Goodchild, Adrian Adams, Albert Courcey, Earl Kelley, Horace Emerson, Ned Reynolds, Mark

PAGEANT OF OLD LONDONDERRY



Blake, Alfred Fecteau, Lyman Shackett, Earl Richardson, Raymond Sefton, Eugene Clark, Paul Dumm.

Girls: Beatrice Currier, Norma Gilman, Wilma Benson, Minnie Stevens, Caroline White, Madeline White, Helen Reynolds, Ivanetta Fecteau, Florence Davis, Mary Campbell, Vera Bachmann, Mildred Brewster.

Boys: Chester Green, Anthony Goyne, Robert Clark, Lawrence MacMurphy, Edward Eddy, Hayd Davis, Abbott Campbell. (

Soprano Solo:—

Sing the Flowers and Fields,
“He is strong!”
The birds that break the day, they sing,
“He is wise!”
The woodland elves
Low they cry,
“His steps are song, the woods are glad,
Where he goes.”
My brave!
My brave!
Tell me is my face fair for love?

Indian Women: Your face is spring and dawn, your hair cloud and night.

Bride: When I am old,
Will he love?

Indian Women:

Your eyes will be the sunlight bright
Through the clouds.

Bride: Speak true!
Speak true!

Bridegroom: The morning calls. Will you come, oh,
my bride?

Bride: The day is night till you beckon to me.

Indian Women: Look, the brave—look there!—
touches her hand! See the girl—How bold!
Looks in his eyes!

Two Old Women: I too, once—

Indian Women: Ugh! Ugh!

Chorus

Maidens laugh and dance,
Comes the brave.
Their words are light as leaves that play
In the wind.
The leaves are still
Comes the rain.
The young papoose shows how they dance,
Leaves the oak,
In the wind.

SCENE 6.

(No entertainment among the Nutfield Colonists could be ended without a trial of strength, a wrestling match.)

Wrestlers: Archie Hepworth, Casper Whitney.

SCENE 7.

(With persistent desire, the people of Londonderry worked to have a library and school for Higher Education. To aid their efforts, Mr. Burnham's school offered a beginning. The money was advanced by the two, Major John and Elder James Pinkerton, who had begun their successful mercantile career as sellers of the renowned Londonderry linen.

By some misunderstanding, the building for the new school was placed in what is now Derry Village. The love of learning was strongly planted in the hearts of these brave pioneers, not only among the Scotch-Irish but among the English who had come to Londonderry and settled the English Range. They had brought more culture and refinement than their Scotch neighbors.

An episode in the life of the great grandson of John Dinsmoor not only shows what a boy desirous of learning can do but also shows the difference between the college boy then and the college boy now.)

Action:—Preparing for and going to Dartmouth College in 1785.

CAST.

Wm. Dinsmoor, (the father) John Hunter Miltimore
Elizabeth McKeen Cochran (the mother)

Mrs. Sarah Lucretia Miltimore



DINSMOORE'S DARTMOUTH TEAM.

Robert, (son)	James Isaac Miltimore
John (son)	John Everett Miltimore
Samuel (son)	Ralph Irving Miltimore

(Boys with father resting from working while taking luncheon.)

Samuel: I do not like this kind of work.

Father: Well, boy, you are a big, strong fellow and not a shirker. What is the trouble?

Samuel: You will remember, Sir, last year, that I wished to prepare for Dartmouth College but you wished me to try another year's work on the land. I have obeyed you but am more dissatisfied than I was last year. Father, let me go to college.

Robert: Yes, let the boy go.

Father: I hardly see how we can afford the expense.

Sam: If you will help me through Dartmouth College, I will never ask anything more of you. I can fit with Parson Williams and board at Home.

Father: Very well. Talk with your mother about it and if she thinks best I will do all I can to help you.

John: Mother will think best, Sam. Isn't she always saying that you are like old great grandfather Jas. McKeen? She never says that of me.

Sam: Why should she? You never talked about anything but wrestling matches, your big muscles and fists.

John: All right, Sam, I don't envy you. Study study, study, I hate it. "A blacksmith's life for me, I say, when I have ended making hay." (whistles).

Father: Come on to the meadow, boys, we must make hay while the sun shines.

(Walking eight miles daily, to and from the home of Parson Williams with whom he studied, Samuel Dinsmoor was quite ready for entrance the following Autumn. In order to save expense of transportation, Samuel Dinsmoor with the necessities of college life, traveled to Dartmouth in an ox-cart. The route was through the forest, in some parts with not even blazed trees to mark the way. At one point it was necessary to fell a large pine to secure room for the carts to pass.

Loading the ox-cart with furniture and books, a table, two chairs, bedstead, bedding, several boxes, gun, etc..)

Robert: A long journey before us, Sam. These oxen are not quite so swift as trotting horses. Hurry up with your good byes. We must be off.

Sam: Good bye, mother. I will never forget my promise to you to waste no time.

Mother: I am sure of that, my boy.

Sam: Good bye, father. I'll do my best to repay you. Don't wrestle too much, John. Wait until I am governor, then I will see to it that there are better laws respecting wrestling matches.

Robert: All aboard. We must reach Concord to-night.

John: Wait until you are Governor!! (with a loud guffaw) Goy. Samuel Dinsmoor. By that time my wrestling days will have ended and I shall have become as dignified as Gov. Samuel Dinsmoor. Good bye. Goy. travelling to college in an ox cart.

(Samuel Dinsmoor was graduated at Dartmouth

in 1789, studied Law in Keene, N. H., was elected to Congress in 1811, in 1830 became governor of N. H. which office he held by three consecutive elections. Prentiss said of him, "in all his relations in life, as lawyer, judge, representative in Congress, governor of his native state, he never betrayed a trust.)

Solo Dance, *La Pompadour*..... Dolly Boynton

PART II.

From the end of the French and Indian War to the Present.

SCENE 1.

A Colonial Wedding.

Minuet Beethoven

CAST

Bride, Eleanor Clark	Francellia S. Gilchrist
Best Maid, Lydia Clark	Lelia S. Drucker
Bridegroom, Robert Hemphill	James W. Ratcliffe
Best Man, John Crombie	Edward Curtiss
Clergyman, Rev. William Davidson	John Condon
Parents of the bride	Harriet P. Mack
	Ralph W. Drucker
Parents of the groom	Mary Smith
	William Wight
Ring bearer	Barbara Edith Drucker
Bridesmaids: Dorothy Pillsbury, Marian George, Thelma George, Vera D. Pillsbury, Marian Smith, Hazel Sargent, Ruth Shackett, Charlotte M. Plummer, Dorothy Boyden, Lucy Boyden, Ruth Boyden, Hope Weaver, Hazel Plummer, Esther Boyden, Harriett Martin, Julia Martin.	
Dancers: Francellia Gilchrist, James Ratcliffe, Mrs. Ralph Drucker, Edward Curtis, Wallace P. Mack, Jr., Norman Watts, Thelma George, Marian George, Irene A. Smith, Samuel Campbell, Harriett Martin, Theodore Martin, Ephraim Martin, Julia Martin, Dorothy Pillsbury, Harold Taylor.	
Many Guests:—	

(Bridegroom with friends at the appointed hour, amid discharge of musketry, proceeds from his dwelling. Half way to the bride's home they meet the bride's male friends. Each company selects one by acclamation "to run for the bottle." The champion of the race who returns first with the bottle is highly honored. At the entertainment, after the ceremony, it is his privilege to give the first toast and to drink to the bridegroom's health. Winner of the race arriving at the bride's home, gives the prize bottle, amid clapping of hands, etc., etc., to the mother of the bride.

Crombie: (Conducts the groom's party to a room at the back of the stage.) Enter here, please.

Mrs. Clark: (a very comely, middle-aged lady indicates to Crombie the bride's apartment.)

John, she is ready with her friends waiting for your coming.

Rev. William Davidson is conducted to position by Crombie, who places him between the respective parents, then he leads out the groom's company, introduces to the guests the groom.

Crombie: The bridegroom, Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. Robert Hemphill. (Crombie conducts from her apartment the bride accompanied by her chosen friends and places her at the right hand of the groom, presents her to the company.) The bride, Ladies and Gentlemen, Miss Eleanor Clark.

(Best man and best maid take places directly behind the couple to be married. Groom's friends on side of bride's parents and bride's friends near groom's parents. Clergyman conducts the service). (This concluded, he requests Mr. Hemphill to salute the bride.

The Rev. then salutes the bride, all the male guests do likewise, while the women salute the groom.)

Crombie: Mr. and Mrs. Hemphill will lead in forming for the Minuet.

(After the dancing the young couple leave for their home amid a shower of confetti and flowers, with numerous white decorations and mottoes on the coach.)

(The famous visit of Lafayette to the United States in 1824 is one of the brightest spots in the history of America. It was a spontaneous welcome to a man whose story was familiar to all and dear to all.

General Derby was his soldier friend in the Revolutionary War. He accompanied Lafayette, son and secretary to the Adams Seminary, where the young ladies had been waiting in expectancy for many hours.

The Adams Seminary, a school for the higher education of girls made possible by the generosity of Jacob Adams as the founding of Pinkerton Academy for boys had been made by the Pinkerton brothers and John Morrison Pinkerton, son of the Elder.)

SCENE 2

Lafayette's Visit to the Adams Seminary,
(Time, late afternoon. Place, the green in front of the Seminary. Horsemen coming at full speed announce the hero's approach. In a few moments, the barouche drawn by four horses arrives.)

Marseillaise Hymn De Lisle

CAST

General Lafayette	Reed Paige Clark
George Washington Lafayette, his son	Eugene W. Moors
Emile Lavoisier, his secretary	George C. Ray
General Derby	Curtis C. Chase
Coachman	William H. Bresnon
Groom	Rudolph C. Plummer
Courier	Fred H. Smith

Attendants (mounted)

Frank W. Plummer

Clarence W. Goodwin

Norman F. Watts

Attendant

Miss Grant, Principal of the Seminary

Ethel Payne Adams

Miss Lyon, Associate Principal Marian Perkins Chase
Assistant teachers.

Seminary pupils: Ellen Pauline Smith, Idella G. Plummer, Helen L. Annis, Viola P. Ellis, Beatrice M. Hartford, Elizabeth Hartop Woodard, Emily F. Clark, Lavinia Mack Walker, Mildred E. Webster, Carolyn B. Bresnon, Gladys A. Hatch, Marian Bidwell, Evelyn Bidwell, Marian Cogswell, Helen Wilson, Ethel Wilson, Marie Barker, Ruth Day, Dorothy Paradise, Eleanor Alexander, Beatrice Campbell, Edna Downing, Marea Thwing, Marian Aiken, Louise Trowbridge, Martha Chase, Mildred Goldsmith, Mabel Goldsmith, Irma Rogers, Carolyn Sefton, Marjorie Martin, Carolyn Martin, Arvilla Colby, Winona Dickey, Catherine Bartlett, May Stearns, Mildred Raitt, Ruth Colby, Lilla F. Platt, Ethel M. Platt, Etta M. Merrill.

Groom and attendant escort waiting,

(Misses Grant and Lyon and teachers presented by Gen. Derby to Lafayette then to his son.)

Gen. Derby. "This most honored Sir, is one of the few public institutions in our country designed exclusively for the education of women. It is taught wholly by ladies and is designed to give them a solid education on the same basis as our colleges for boys. You will not refuse these young ladies, in common with others,

the gratification of welcoming to our country the friend of Man, the friend of Washington, and the friend of America, Gen. Lafayette, Ladies.

(Bowing politely to Geo. Derby, he turned towards the young ladies.)

Gen. Derby: Will you speak to these young ladies?

Gen. Lafayette: (saluting the ladies gallantly) I should like to (starts to go to each young lady.)

Gen. Derby: They will come to you, General.

Gen. Lafayette: I am, indeed, honored that you should welcome me thus with fragrant blossoms everywhere. You, young ladies, yourselves, the sweetest flowers ever grown.

Song of Salutation.

Marquis de Lafayette we welcome!

Hark! how our voices praise him yet!

Whose noble spirit won our freedom

Behold our champion, Lafayette!

Behold our champion, Lafayette!

Your timely help when we were striving

With tyrant hosts, a conquering band

Brought peace and freedom to our land.

Then shall we long remember

Our champion, Lafayette!

Our champion, Lafayette!

Rejoice, rejoice, All hearts rejoice

To welcome Lafayette.

Chorus:

Our champion, Lafayette!

Our champion, Lafayette!

Rejoice, rejoice, All hearts rejoice

To welcome Lafayette.

(Ladies passing in line before him.)

Gen. Lafayette: (shaking hands with each young lady) I am happy to see you. Will you not give me one flower from your bouquet as a souvenir of this meeting? (He takes the flowers one by one, smiling, passes them to the son.)

Miss Grant: Too many for you to carry. Permit me, Monsieur, to offer this receptacle. (Received most gallantly by the son, places flowers therein.)

Gen. Derby: The storm is rapidly approaching, General.

Gen. Lafayette: Yes, we must hasten our departure. The memory of this gracious and charming reception by beautiful young ladies will never die from my recollection of America.

Dan'l Webster, your great orator, pronounced me "a fortunate man." This opinion is verified to-day. You have made me most fortunate. (taking the basket of flowers from his son and raising it a moment in front of him.) Alas! All earthly things must end. I bid you FAREWELL FOREVER.

The Wars for Patriotism, Independence, Liberty and Democracy.

(Although Londonderry was not disturbed by the Indians, yet, in defence of other colonies, the sons of this town bravely assisted in the French and Indian War. Robert Rogers, John Stark and William Stark of Nutfield stock had many thrilling adventures and achieved much for the Royal Arms.

The love of liberty in the descendants of the Londonderry settlers amounted to a passion. They were intensely patriotic in the Revolution. Londonderry furnished the largest number of Revolutionary soldiers of any town in the county and second in the state. Of Gen. Stark, and Gen. Reid the town is justly proud and also of colonels Gregg, Reynolds, McClary, Taylor and the other officers with the brave privates under them.

The Civil War was fought partly in defense of State Sovereignty, partly to preserve the Union, wholly because of slavery. The attack upon Fort Sumter, April 13, 1861, aroused immense enthusiasm in Derry. The liberty loving people responded to the call for troops. The town sent 128 men. Among the officers who proved themselves to be very brave and able commanders were Capt. Jonathan R. Bagley, Capt. Nathaniel H. Brown, Capt. Isaiah Dustin.

Liberty for the enslaved people was won. Whittier sang,

"It is done,
Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel!"

How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!"

The Recent War, the Great War, the War for Democracy found Derry not lacking in readiness to do her part, to go over the top, whenever ordered, for Democracy and to make the world fit for Democracy. Derry gave for this cause 479 men. Some of these as Heroes have passed into another world. Those who have returned to Derry are living Heroes who can not be honored too much.

SCENE 3

Military maneuvers by our Heroes under the direction of Lieut. Alan B. Shepard.

Music.

National Emblem..... E. E. Bagley
Soldiers: Alan B. Shepard, A. J. Picard, Harry Stearns, Arthur Lowe, Emil Ledoux, Winslow Emerson, Louis Morse, Lawrence Cassidy, George Nadeau, Tim Manning, E. J. Boisvert, J. J. Taylor, Arthur Smith, A. B. Roberts, James O'Hara, Frank Barth, Wilfred Bergeron, Adrian Adam, C. A. Doherty, Thomas Katsekas.

Sailors: William Hartop, George Corliss, James Martin, Ephraim Martin, 3rd., E. A. Scott, Frank Bennett, Edward Paquette, Frank Muzzey.

SCENE 4

The desire for learning like a golden cord has run through the development of this town and led to its greatest achievement, the establishment of an excellent system of Education, whose highest objective has been gained in an Institution that is to the student a stepping stone to college and university life, or an opening from which run avenues to all the activities of the World, Pinkerton Academy.

Tableau

SOLDIERS

SOLDIERS

PEACE

INDUSTRY

LOYALTY

LITERATURE PRINCIPAL LANGUAGE

MUSIC

MATHEMATICS

ART

TRUSTEES

TRUSTEES

SCIENCE

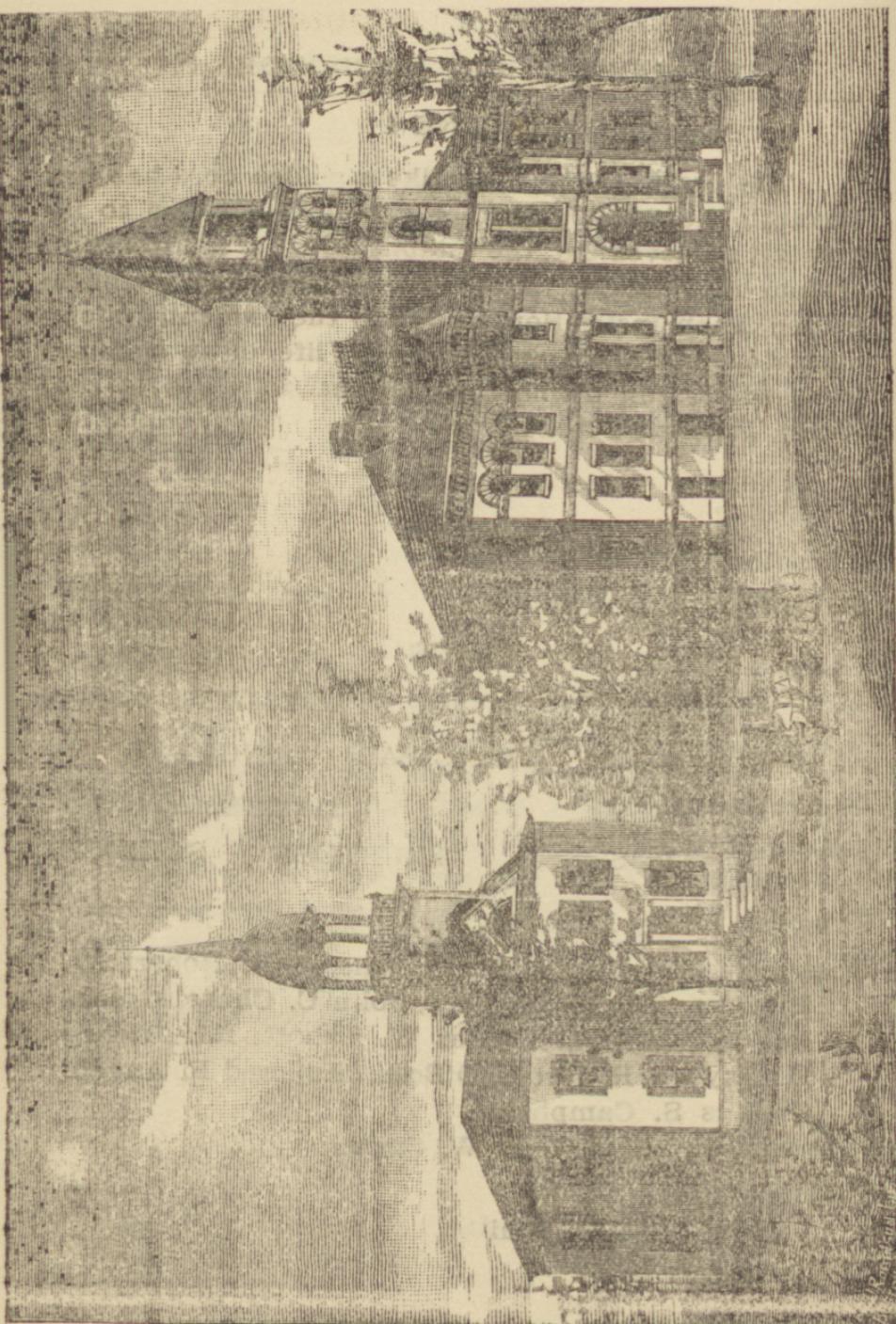
Principal, Perley L. Horne,

Trustees, etc.: Frank N. Parsons, Rev. Robert W. Haskins, George L. Clark, John C. Chase, Greenleaf K. Bartlett, Charles W. Abbott, Rev. Henry H. Haynes, Robert L. O'Brien, Edmund R. Angell, Cassius S. Campbell.

Superintendent: Charles W. Cutts.

Modern Muses:

Peace—Edna M. Smith.



Industry—Mildred Horne.

Literature—Carolyn P. Adams.

Music—Helen Abbott.

Art—Ella Lord Gilbert.

Loyalty—Winifred C. Ewing.

Language—Josephine C. Adams.

Mathematics—Sylvia Clark.

Science—Renza Emerson.

French and Indian Soldiers: David Flanders, James A. Pollard, Benjamin Stevens, Charles Swett.

Revolutionary Soldiers: Rosecrans W. Pillsbury, Joseph B. Bartlett, Frank Alexander, Harry W. Tileston.

Civil War Soldiers: Warren P. Horne, Capt. Leonard H. Pillsbury, John E. Webster, Preston M. Goodrich, Granville F. Plummer, William Logan, Theodore Fellows, George F. Hamblett, Capt. Albert A. Davis, William H. Palmer, Converse M. Tilton, Andrew J. Benson, William A. Butterfield, Luther O. Weeks, Albert A. Pressey, Samuel F. Tewksbury.

Epilogue Hon. George I. McAllister

Our pageant now is ended. These actors
Have built you pictures of the past. And you,
Perhaps have visions of a glorious future.
Let not these visions be unreal "such stuff
As dreams are made on" but arise and work,
And make this town in industry, and Art,
In science, learning, goodness, purity,
A perfect home for true Democracy,
Democracy for which you've bravely fought.
"Our little life is rounded with a sleep,"
Says Shakespeare, but let sleep not come
Until New Hampshire's Banner town is Derry.

Arranged from Shakespeare—Caliban.
We're pleased to ask this gracious throng to join
in singing

AMERICA

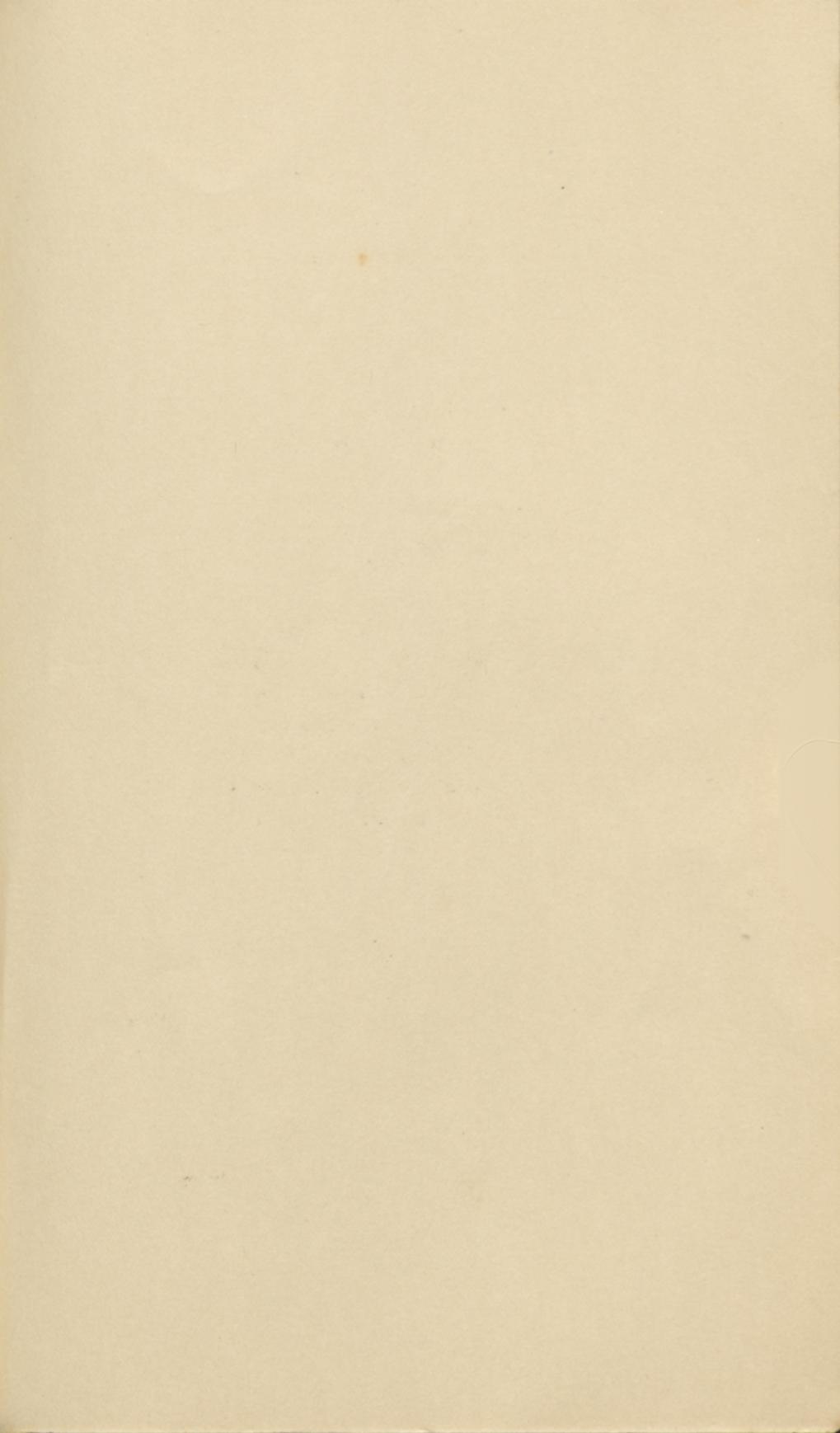
My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrim's pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

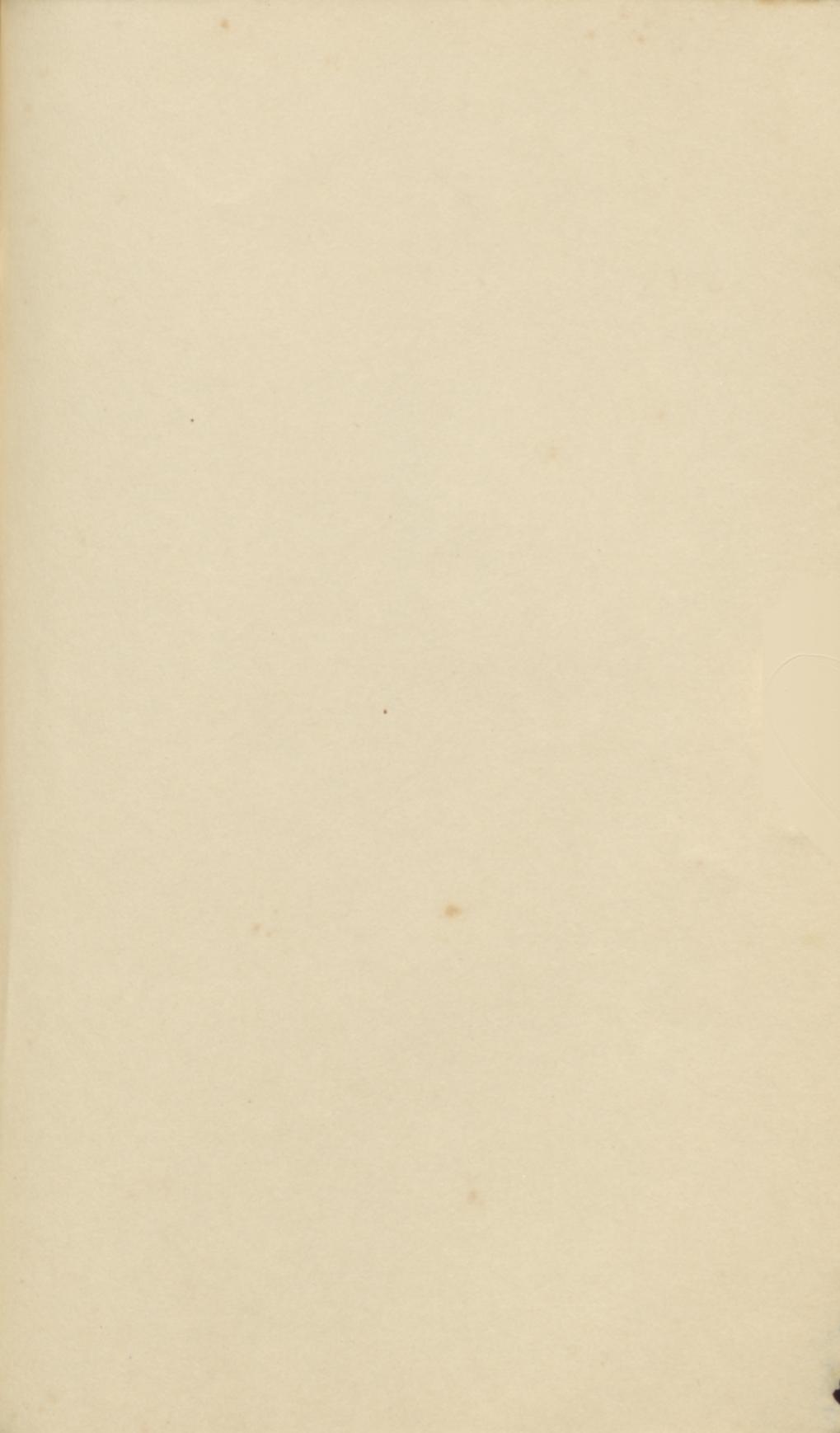
My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love

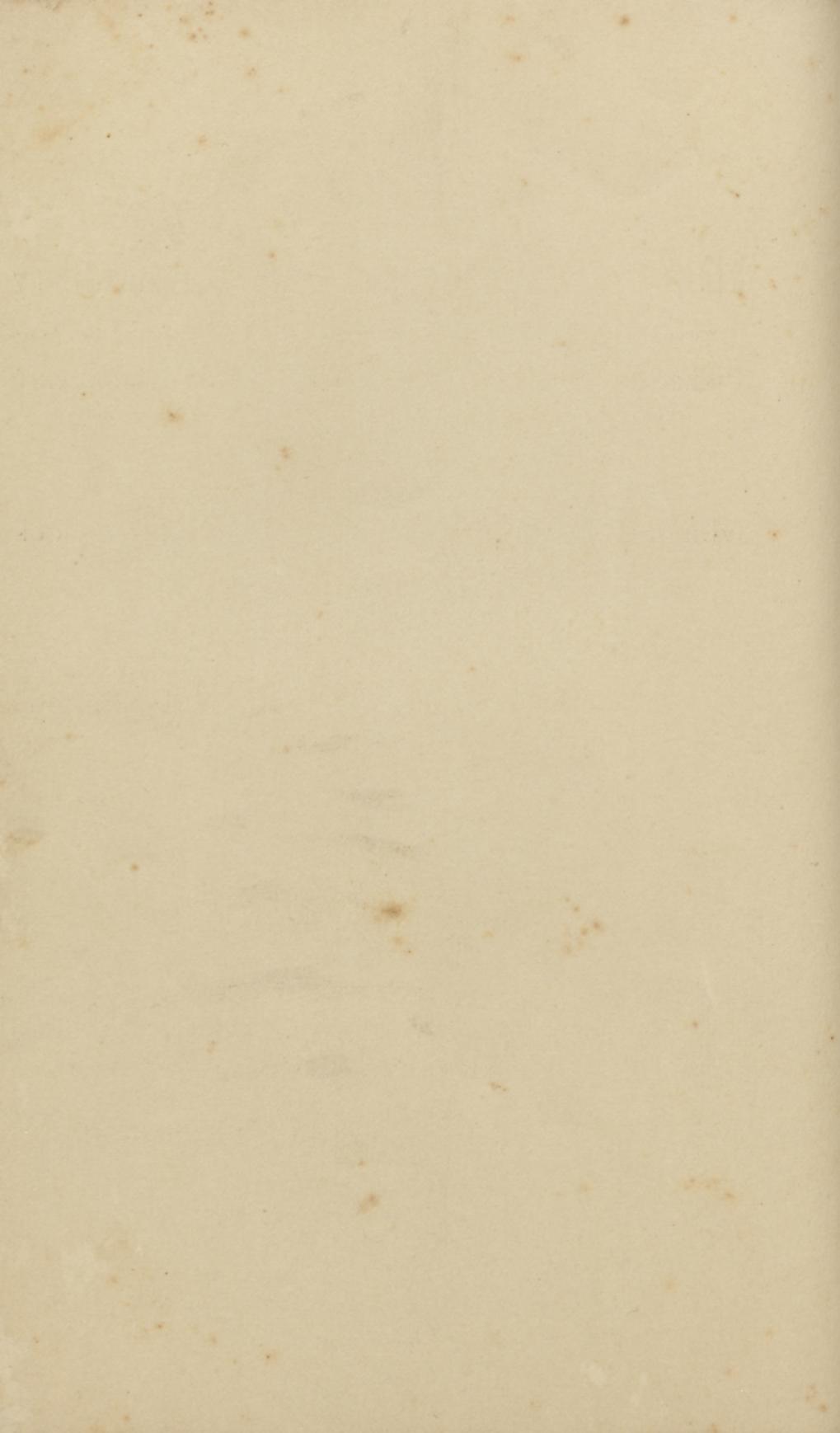
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

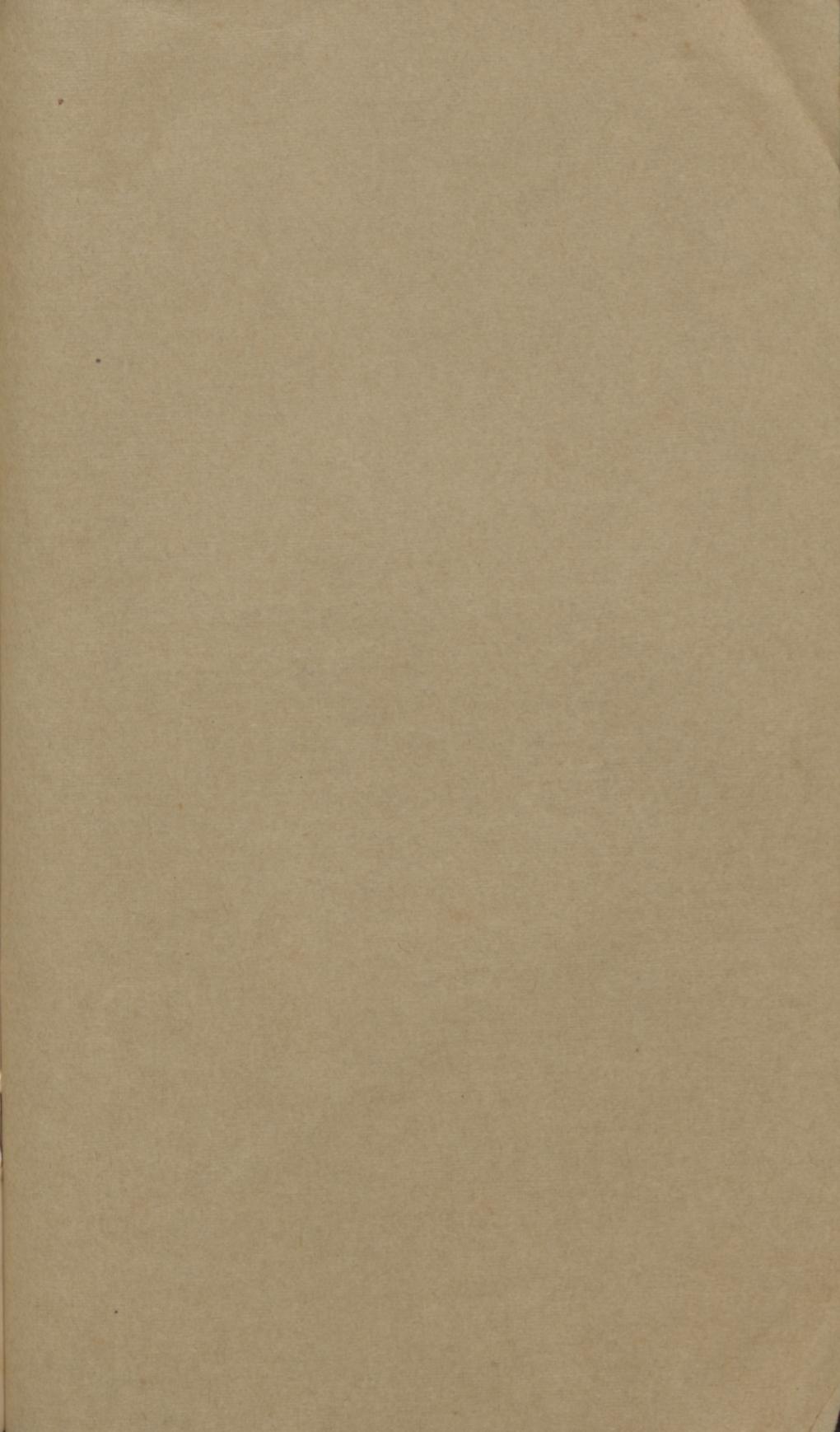
Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake:
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break;
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light:
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!









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Lillian B. Poor.

Lucinda J. Carlton.